

Oxford Democrat.

No. 33, Vol. 3, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, December 26, 1843.

Old Series: No. 44, Vol. 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Allen,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

MISCELLANY.

ESCAPE OF THE DUSTON FAMILY.

The history of no people in the world is fuller of stirring and thrilling incidents than that of our North American Indians. The following historical account of the remarkable escape of the Duston family, was prepared a few years ago for the American Magazine of Useful Knowledge. The writer, (who he is we know not) indulges in some eloquent denunciations against Mrs. Duston for taking the life of her captors when she was about to flee from her captivity. These denunciations we cannot endorse, except to a very limited extent. The destruction of the Indians was the only possible means of her safety. Had she fled while they were sleeping, she could not have gone far before she would have been overtaken, and at once put to death, and probably with extreme tortures.

It seems more difficult to find an excuse for her destruction of the children, except in the general sentiment which unfortunately prevailed at that day, regarding the savage tribes more as wild beasts of prey than as human beings. Whatever opinions may be formed however by those who moralize upon the subject, it is a passage of our early history full of deep and affecting interest.

Goodman Duston and his wife, somewhat less than a century and a half ago, dwelt in Haverhill, at that time a small frontier settlement in the province of Massachusetts Bay. They had already added seven children to the King's liege subjects in America; and Mrs. Duston about a week before the period of our narrative, had blessed her husband with the eighth. One day in March, 1698, when Mr. Duston had gone forth about his ordinary business, there fell out an event, which had nearly left him a childless man, and a widower besides. An Indian war party, after traversing the trackless forest all the way from Canada, broke in upon their remote and defenceless town. Goodman Duston heard the war whoop and alarm, and, being on horseback, immediately set off full speed to look after the safety of his family. As he dashed along, he beheld dark wreaths of smoke eddying from the roofs of several dwellings near the road side; while the groans of dying men, the shrieks of affrighted women, and the screams of children, pierced his ear, all mingled with the horrid yell of the raging savages. The poor man trembled yet spurred on so much the faster, dreading that he should find his own cottage in a blaze, his wife murdered in her bed, and his little ones tossed into the flames. But drawing near the door he saw his seven elder children, of all ages between two years and seventeen issuing out together, and running down the road to meet him. The father only bade them make the best of their way to the nearest garrison, and, without a moment's pause, flung himself from his horse, and rushed to Mrs. Duston's bed chamber.

The good woman, as we have before hinted, had lately added an eighth to the seven former proofs of her conjugal affection; and she now lay with her infant in her arms, her nurse the widow Mary Neff watching by her bedside. Such was Mrs. Duston's helpless state, when her pale and breathless husband burst into the chamber, bidding her instantly to rise and flee for her life. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Indian yell was heard; and, staring wildly out of the window, Goodman Duston saw that the bloodthirsty foe was close at hand. At this terrible instant, it appears that the thought of his children's danger rushed so powerfully upon his heart that he quite forgot the still more perilous situation of his wife; or, as is not improbable, he had such knowledge of the good lady's character, as afforded him a comfortable hope that she would hold her own, even in a contest with a whole tribe of Indians. However that might be, he seized his rifle and rushed out of doors again meaning to gallop after his seven children, and snatch up one of them in his flight, least his whole race and generation should be blotted from the earth, in that fatal hour. With this idea, he rode behind them, swift as the wind.

They had by this time, got about forty rods from the house, all pressing forward in a group; and thought the younger children tripped and stumbled, yet the older ones were not prevailed upon, by fear of death, to take their heels and leave these poor little souls to perish. Hearing the tramp of hoofs in the rear, they looked round and espying Goodman Duston, they suddenly stopped. The little ones stretched out their arms; while the elder boys and girls as it was resigned their charge into their own hands; and all the seven children seemed to say, "Here is our father! Now we are safe."

But if ever a poor mortal was in trouble, and perplexity, and anguish of spirit, that man was Mr. Duston! He felt his heart yearn toward these seven poor helpless children, as if each were singly possessed of his whole affections for not one among them all, but had some peculiar claim to their dear father's love. There was his first born; there too, the little one who till within a week past, had been a baby; there was a girl with her mother's features, and a boy, the picture of himself, and another in which the looks of both parents were mingled; there was one child, whom he loved for his mild, quiet and holy disposition, and another whom he loved not less for his rough and fearless spirit, and who could live to be a man, would do a man's part against these bloody Indians. Goodman Duston looked at the poor things, one by one; and with yearning fondness, he looked at them all together; he then gazed up to heaven for a moment, and finally waved his hand, to his seven

beloved ones. Go on; my children, said he calmly, 'We will live or die together!'

He reined in his horse, and caused him to walk behind the children, who hand in hand went onward, hushing the sobs and wailings, lest these sounds should bring the savages upon them. Nor was it long, before the fugitive had proof that the red devils had found their track. There was a curl of smoke from behind the huge trunk of a tree—a sudden and sharp report echoed through the woods; and a bullet hissed over Goodman Duston's shoulder, and passed above the children's heads. The father turning half round on his horse, took aim and fired at his skulking foe, with such effect as to cause a momentary delay of the pursuit. Another shot, another—whistled from the covert of the forest, but still the little band pressed on, unharmed; and the stealthy nature of the Indian forbade them to rush boldly forward, in the face of so firm an enemy as Goodman Duston. Thus he and his seven children continued their retreat, creeping along, as Cotton Mather observed, 'at a pace of a child of five years old,' till the stockades of a little frontier fortress appeared in view, and the savages gave up the chase.

We must not forget Mrs. Duston, in her distress. Scarcely had her husband fled from the house, ere the chamber was thronged with the horrible visages of the wild Indians, bedaubed with paint and besmeared with blood, brandishing their tomahawks in her face, and threatening to add her scalp to those that were already hanging at their girdles. It was, however, their interest to save her alive, if the thing might be, in order to exact a ransom. Our great-grand mothers, when taken captive in the old times of Indian warfare, appeared, in nine cases out of ten, to have been in pretty much such a delicate situation as Mrs. Duston; notwithstanding which they were wonderfully sustained through long rough, and hurried marches, amid toil, weariness and starvation, such as the Indians themselves could hardly endure. Seeing that there was no help for it, Mrs. Duston rose, and she and the widow Neff, with the infant in her arms, followed their captors out of doors. As they crossed the threshold, the poor babe set up a feeble wail; it seized by the heels, swung it in the air, dashed out its brains against the trunk of the nearest tree, and threw the little corpse at the mother's feet. Perhaps it was the remembrance of that moment, that hardened Hannah Duston's heart when her time of vengeance came. But now, nothing could be done, but to stifle her grief and rage within her bosom; and follow the Indians into the dark gloom of the forest, hardly venturing to throw a parting glance at the blazing cottage, where she had dwelt happily with her husband, and had borne him eight children—the seven of whose fate she knew nothing, and the infant, whom she had just seen murdered.

The first day's march was fifteen miles; and during that, and many succeeding days, Mrs. Duston kept pace with her captors; for, had she lagged behind, a tomahawk would at once have sunk into her brains. More than one terrible warning was given her; more than one of her fellow captives—of whom there were many—alter tottering feebly, at length sank upon the ground; the next moment, the death groan was breathed, and the scalp was reeking at an Indian's girdle. The unburied corpse was left in the forest, till the rites of sepulture should be performed by the autumnal gales, strewn the withered leaves upon the whitened bones. When out of danger of immediate pursuit, the prisoners, according to Indian custom, were divided among different parties of the savages, each of whom were to shift for themselves. Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and an English lad, fell to the lot of a family, consisting of two stout warriors, three squaws, and seven children. These Indians, like most with whom the French had held intercourse, were Catholics; and Cotton Mather affirms, on Mrs. Duston's authority, that they prayed at morning, noon, and night, nor ever partook of food without a prayer; they prayed to their children to sleep till they had prayed to the Christian's God. Mather, like an old hardhearted, pedantic bigot, as he was, seemed trebly to exult in the destruction of those poor wretches, on account of their Popish superstition. Yet what can be more touching than to think of these wild Indians, in their loneliness and their wanderings, wherever they went among the dark mysterious woods still keeping up domestic worship, with all the regularity of a household at its peaceful fireside.

They were travelling to a rendezvous of the savages, somewhere in the north east. One night, being now a hundred miles from Haverhill, the read men and women, and the little red children, and the three pale faces, Mrs. Duston, the widow Neff, and the English lad, made their encampment, and kindled a fire beneath the gloomy old tree, on a small island in Contoocook river. The barbarians sat hewn to what scanty food Providence had sent them, and shared it with their prisoners, as if they had all been children of one wigwam, and had grown up together on the margin of the same river within the shadow of the forest. Then the Indians said their prayers—the prayers that the Romish had taught them—and made the sign of the cross upon their dusky breasts and composed the bearer to rest. But the prisoners prayed apart; and when their petitions were ended, they likewise lay down with their feet to the fire. The night wore on; and the light and cautious slumbers of the red men were often broken, by the rust and ripple of the stream, of the groaning and moaning of the forest, as if nature were wailing over her wild children; and sometimes, too, the little red skinned sleepers, and the Indian mother awoke to hush them. But a little before break of day, a deep, dead

slumber fell upon the Indians. 'See,' cries Cotton Mather, triumphantly, 'if it prove not so!'

Uprose Mrs. Duston, holding her own breath, listen to the long, deep breathings of her captors. Then she stirred the widow Neff, whose place was by her own, and likewise the English lad; and all three stood up, having upon their ghastly visages, as they stared around at the fated slumbers. The next instant, each of the three captives held a tomahawk. Hark! that low moan, as one in troubled dream—it told a warrior's death pang! Another! Another!—and the third half uttered a groan was from a woman's lips. But, oh, the children! their skins are red: yet spare them, Hannah Duston, spare those seven little ones for the sake of the seven that have fed your own breast.

'Seven,' quoth Mrs. Duston to herself. 'Eight children have I borne—and where are the seven, and where is the eighth?' The thought nerved her arm; and the copper colored babes slept the same dead sleep with their Indian mother. Of all that family, only one woman escaped, dreadfully wounded and fled shrieking into the wilderness; and a boy, whom it is said, Mrs. Duston had meant to save alive. But he did well to flee from the raging tigress; There but little safely for a red skin when Hannah Duston's blood was up.

The work being finished, Mrs. Duston laid hold of the long black hair of the warriors, and the woman, and the children, and took all their ten scalps, and left the island, which bears her name to this very day. According to our notion it should be held accursed, for her sake. Would that the bloody old hag had been drowned in crossing Contoocook river, or that she had sunk over head and ears in a swamp, and been there buried, till summoned forth to comfort her victims at the day of judgment; or that she had gone astray and had been starved to death in the forest and nothing ever seen of her again save the skeleton, with the ten scalps twisted around it for a girdle! But on the contrary, she and her companions came safe home, and received the bounty on the dead Indians, besides liberal presents from private gentlemen, and fifty pounds from the Governor of Maryland. In her old age, being sunk into decayed circumstances she claimed and we believe received a pension, as a further price of blood.

This awful woman, and that tender hearted, yet brilliant man, her husband, will be remembered as long as the deeds of old times are told around a New England fire side. But how different is her remembrance from his!

[The following story affords a capital illustration of some of the circumstances, which conspired to the defeat of Mr. Van Buren and the Democratic party, in 1840. The "Judy Tompkins" family was a very numerous family at that time, and its branches extended into every town, village and city in the United States. The "standing army" delusion; the "forty million debt"; the "Florida blood hounds"; the "low wages"; the "gold spoons"; had each its own victims, and the census did not fail to swell their numbers.]

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A SCENE IN ALABAMA.

BY H. HOOPER, ESQ.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—(just that period which nature supplies more abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue)—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Morning," said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—

"I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes I've heard of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' or 'chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye. Here Bull! here Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the old sage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that; what I tell them to do they do—and if I was to sick them on your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Robinson. And just what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns—"

"They are none of your business nor Buren's neither, I reckon. Oh, old Van Buren! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what—I'd—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, just to tax it, when it taxed enough a ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex and complexion of each member of her family.

"No such a thing—you'll do no such a thing," said she; "I've got five in my family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the droted old villain, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy

sight whiter than you, and whether they are she or she, is none of your consarns."

"We told her we should report her to the Marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath."

"Yes! send your Marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you're bad off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come, (looking as savage as a Bengal tiger,) oh, I wish he would come," and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed, "I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of joke.

"Kill him! kill him—oh if I had him here by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittles out'n gold spoons that the poor people's taxed for and rasin' an army to get him made king of America—the audacious, nasty, stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed, "And now, just put down what I tell you on that paper; and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Just put down Judy Tompkins, respectable woman, and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the conjunct whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Tompkins, respectable woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart, and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round in order to face her, we shouted—

"Old woman!"

"Who told you to call me old woman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sars. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do!"

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—though you might suit some laggard Dick S.—up your way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on if he come down next Sunday."

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off unmolested, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Sick 'em, Pomp—sick 'em, Pomp—sick 'em, Pomp—sick 'em, Pomp!"

THE JEWS.—The present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the Christian era down to the present hour in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without, in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much miracle interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state—far from it—

"They are neither a united nor independent nation, nor a parasitic province. They are peeled and scattered into fragments; but, like broken globules of quicksilver, indistinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help do not explain their existence; time and climate and customs equally fail to unravel it. None of these are, or can be, springs of their perpetuity. They have spread over every part of the habitable globe; have lived under the reign of every dynasty; have lived in every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa have scorched them. They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew."

It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried men that constructed them; but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot; Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smitten them with unsparring ferocity; penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them the most ungenerous debasement; and, notwithstanding all, they survive.

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed—"They are the aristocracy of Scripture—let off coronets—princes in degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman are names known in history only; their shades alone haunt the world and flicker its tablets. A Jew walks every street, and dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race inebriated the heirloom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of water's peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it, or receiving its favors, and traversed the surface of the globe amid the lapse of many centuries, distinct—alone. The Jewish race at this day is, perhaps, the most striking seal of the sacred oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual desolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any ground save those revealed in the record of truth.—Frazier's Magazine.

There is an odious spirit in many persons who are better pleased to detect a fault than to commend a virtue.

A YANKEE TRICK. During the Revolutionary war, two brothers, from one of the eastern forts were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy; and making much money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them they spied a British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her, and to their astonishment found her to be a frigate disguised. A very light breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions; one only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem; on a sudden he hauled down every sail, and had all hands on deck employed in 'setting poles,' as if shoving the vessel off a bank! The people on board the frigate were amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately claved off, and left the more knowing yankee to 'make himself scarce' as soon as the night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two thousand fathoms deep.

THE RICH AND THE POOR. Let it not be believed that the man of poverty himself is excluded from happiness. Mediocrity and indigence frequently procure for him advantages that opulence and grandeur are obliged to acknowledge. The soul of the needy man, always in action, never ceases to form desires, while the rich and the powerful are frequently in the afflicting embarrassment of either not knowing what to wish for, or else desiring those objects which it is impossible to obtain. The poor man's body, habituated to labor, knows the sweets of repose; this repose of the body is the most troublesome fatigue to him who is wearied with idleness. Exercise and frugality procure for the one, vigor, health and contentment; the intemperance and sloth of the other furnish him only with disgust and infirmities. Indigence sets all the springs of the soul at work; it is the mother of industry; from its bosom arise genius, talents and merit, to which opulence and grandeur pay their homage. In short, the blows of fate find in the poor man a flexible reed, who bends without breaking. [Holbach.]

WOMAN.

Perhaps a more just or beautiful compliment was ever paid to woman than the following, from Judge Story:

"To the honor, the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that, in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the alters of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears not consequences. Thus she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering seems victorious over death itself."

THE SCOUNDREL. A correspondent of the Saco Democrat, writing from New York, says, "We stopped at the American Hotel, (of which he speaks highly.) Gov. Fairfield, however, was rather unfortunate while at this house. We sat near together in the front sitting room, when Mr. F. rose, threw his cloak back on his chair and left the room; I then stepped into the back sitting room to write a line, and in less than five minutes the cloak was gone. It was a fine one, and he had had it but a few days. Without doubt some genteel blackleg came in, sat down in the same chair, and when he rose, took the cloak on his shoulder. The Governor and the landlord concluded to bear the loss between them."

A RUSSIAN REVIEW. The closing scene of the review deserves particular attention. After that the fifty thousand soldiers had marched in review order of open columns past the emperor—a movement which is generally the most interesting of all in these exhibitions, as serving to display in motion each several item of the force—and after that the emperor had embraced his brother, the Archduke Michael, in front of the army, and honored another general officer by grasping his hand, (a favor which, were I emperor, I should reserve as the reward of victory), the troops were massed into one close column, and advanced in this form in measured time, chanting their national anthem. The effect was truly magnificent. The fall of fifty thousand pair of feet—the clime of fifty thousand manly voices—the electric sparkle of fifty thousand blades and sabres closely ranged together—the dark, deep mass of life still rolling on, without confusion, like some tide of lava from the crater of Etna, so irresistible, so overwhelming—nothing that I have ever seen or heard of actual conflict was half so sublime as this. The emperor, surrounded by his staff, rode in front; the beautiful young archduchesses in an open chariot, drawn by two superb white horses, took a position ever in advance of the progressing torrent; and I joined the other spectators to form a cortege around them. Their presence completed the spell—the presence of highborn beauty and grace on a field consecrated to the stern genius of battle, like some note of music rising by the trumpet and

enhancing the stormy joy of each martial sound. [Abbott's Journey to Khiva and St. Petersburg.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 26, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DEBT; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RESPECT FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE; AND STRONG ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will be redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—Calhoun.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

MR. CALHOUN.

Certain of the Washington correspondents in the interest of Mr. Van Buren have asserted that Mr. Calhoun had been withdrawn as a candidate for the Presidency. This story has been seized upon and repeated by many of the faithful in order to show the unanimity with which all were uniting in the support of Mr. Van Buren. But the source whence it came, independent of the motives which produced it, is sufficient to produce distrust in the minds of all candid men. The motive is too obvious to be overlooked. To direct all eyes from Mr. Calhoun and turn the popular gaze solely upon Mr. Van Buren was the object. An artifice so shallow resorted to for the purpose of a little, brief, temporary advantage cannot fail to receive the odium it deserves.

Mr. Calhoun has not withdrawn. His friends have not even the most remote idea of withdrawing his name from the list of candidates. He is still their choice. His name is a tower of strength. Strait-forward, unbending, noble in his political career, with a moral character unparalleled for purity of motive and intention, he is just the man to save the Republic from intrigue, ostentation and political management. Mr. Calhoun withdrawn! As soon would we withdraw the brightest gem from virtue's diadem or blot from our solar system its central orb. A fine time to withdraw his name just as hosts from the East and the West, from the North and the South are vying with each other to see who shall render him most efficient aid! Mr. Calhoun will not be relinquished by his friends until after the Baltimore Convention. If that body in its wisdom shall see fit to pass him by we shall acquiesce in the decision; yet from well known causes we fear that if he is displaced by his more prominent rival the success of our cause is uncertain.

DISTRICT SYSTEM. The friends of Mr. Van Buren dare not trust a United States Convention formed on the district system. They fear that some other candidate would be nominated if the people should select by Districts, consequently they resort to general ticket system as has been practiced in New York, Connecticut, &c. In this state we chose delegates by districts, except two who were chosen to represent the state at large. We conceive the district system to be the only mode of arriving at the voice of the people. This district has given a decided preference for Mr. Calhoun by the selection of Gov. Kavanagh as delegate. If the delegates had all been chosen by general ticket the people of this district could have had no voice in the convention; now they will have their preference.

SUPREME COURT. This Court has recently held a Session at Bangor of eight weeks. About eight thousand Dollars has been paid by the County of Penobscot for its different Courts during the past year. The Bangor Democrat says:

"This is about two thirds of our County Tax. What parties litigant, belligerent, and foolish in Penobscot pay Annually for Justice, in money and loss of time we have calculated, but their voluntary tax must be four times as large as their legal tax. We do not marvel our people want town Courts."

We should like to know how the multiplying of the conveniences for litigation is going to diminish the business of Law. It is a quick remedy, and will be seen to aggravate the disease. That is our opinion.

"The electors of Farmington and Temple have not been able to elect a Representative to the Legislature after having made the attempt three or four times. The prominent candidate, L. Bursley, Jr. has taken himself out of the way and a new caucus has been called to select another candidate."

THE WHEAT CROP.—A correspondent in the last Farmer says, that the Wheat crop is injured in consequence of sowing seed that was threshed in a Machine. He tried the experiment of sowing on land equally good, a quantity of seed threshed by hand, and by Machine, and found that the yield was much best where the seed had been threshed by hand. Farmers should look to this.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. A Law of Congress requires that the members of the House shall be elected by Districts. Several States did not comply with the conditions of this Law, but elected their Representatives by General Ticket. Among these States was New Hampshire. When the Clerk, in calling over the names of the members elect, arrived at those of New Hampshire, the question was raised whether these members should be entitled to seats. It was decided that the Clerk should proceed in the call, till the House was organized. Mr. Barnard, of New York, desired to enter a protest against the right of those members elected by general ticket to participate in the organization; but leave to do so was refused. This decides the fate of the Law so far as Districts are concerned. Those members elected by general ticket from New Hampshire, Missouri, Georgia, and Mississippi, will take and hold their seats with little or no opposition.

21ST RULE.—A vote was taken in the House of Representatives to see whether the 21st Rule, forbidding the reception of Abolition Petitions, should be stricken out of the Rules and Orders. It was negatived by a vote of 95 to 91, only 4 m. j. in its favor. Messrs. Hamlin, Dunlap, and Herrick, voted to strike out. Mr. Severance disagreed the question.

CONGRESS. Little has been done in Congress thus far. The Joint Standing Committees have been appointed by the two Houses. All the other business that has been done refers chiefly if not entirely, to compliments paid to those of the members who have departed during the recess. Samuel M. Roberts, Lewis F. Linn, John Miller and Barker Burdett have severally received the customary respects of both Houses. The eulogies pronounced upon these gentlemen were feelingly eloquent, and after a Resolution was passed requiring the members to wear crape upon the arm for thirty days, both Houses adjourned. This, of course, occupied four days.

"Mr. Severance's bump of hope must be very large, like that of other Whigs. As their prospects warm, their hope rises, and vice versa. This is accounted for on the principle, long known and well established, that as the country sinks Federalism rises. The more the Whigs get whipped in elections, the more they cry out 'glorious prospects ahead.' There must be consolation in this, or it would not be resorted to so often. How, or why, it is consoling, or how, or why, it should strengthen and encourage hope, is a mystery to us. That it is so, is shown by the following paragraph taken from a letter written by Mr. Severance.

"I find the Whigs here from all parts of the country in favor of Mr. Clay, and all perfectly confident of electing him, while on the other side doubts, difficulties and conflicting claims beset the way on all sides. A great effort has been made to harmonize in the organization, and has so far succeeded, the Kinderhook tactics prevailing throughout. We shall see if all the wires are too strong to be broken."

SEVERANCE ON PHYSIC.

"I am inclined to think the uses of water, either hot, cold, or in the form of vapor, have not yet all been discovered. Our physicians should not confine themselves to their old books, but carefully look into the theory and practice of the Thompsonians, and also into the newer and perhaps far surpassing discoveries of Pressnitz, the German hydropathist. Something may be picked out of both, and added to the general stock of medical knowledge. As to homoeopathy, I cannot say that I comprehend much of it, but I have a strong conviction that in ordinary medical practice there are too many drugs poured into the stomach, while outward applications to the whole surface of the body are too much neglected."—Severance.

FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—As was shown by the vote published last week there was no choice in this District at the late election. Mr. White was the nominee of the District Convention. We learn by a writer in the Bangor Journal that Mr. White is an honest, upright man—a true hearted Democrat, and more than all an intelligent cultivator of the earth. If this be true the Democracy of Somerset and Waldo should put their shoulders to the car, one and all, and do what they can so easily, viz: elect Mr. White to Congress.

THE COONS ARE COMING.—Clay Clubs are being formed in the principal cities in all parts of the country. There are two in this State, one in Portland and another in Bangor. These Clubs, like the Tippecanoe Clubs of '40, are engines of mischief and wickedness. Clay's Generals have issued the command "Organize! Organize!" His obsequious followers are crying Amen! and in obedience to the edict, Clay Clubs, like Mushrooms, are springing up in every quarter.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—This day of pleasing and glorious recollections has again arrived—pleasing, because it brings "joy to the world,"—glorious, because no other event surpasses it. It should be spent in grateful remembrances, good resolutions, and benevolent purposes. While the whole earth rejoices at the Advent of a Savior, it is but justice that all its inhabitants, on its anniversary return, should make offerings of such a nature as the occasion inspires.

LEGISLATURE.—Our Legislature meets in one week from to-morrow. We predict a short Session for two reasons: 1st, from the small amount of business; 2nd, because the people expect it. The Sessions of our Legislature need not average over six weeks. What say the people?

HON. J. Q. ADAMS. This gentleman was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures. He wished to be excused, for the reason that his health would not admit of his giving the necessary attention to the business. The House excused him.

21ST RULE.—When this question came up Mr. Severance was said to have dodged it. More recent intelligence proves this to be untrue. By an accidental exposure Mr. Severance was quite indisposed on the day the House organized, so much so, that after he had cast his vote for Speaker, he left the House and sent for Dr. Sewall. This accounts for Mr. S's absence, and it is but justice to state that he would have voted against the Rule could he have been present.

"NEW ENGLAND DEMOCRAT."—Proposals have been issued by Mr. Josselyn and another gentleman for the publication of a Democratic paper with the above title. It will advocate the re-election of Martin Van Buren; but will at all events support the nominee of the Baltimore Convention. From the known ability of the conductors the paper will be a powerful auxiliary to the Democratic cause. Published at Boston. Price \$2 per annum.

THIRDS-WEEKLY AGE.—The publishers of the Age will issue a "Thrice-Weekly," this winter, as usual. It will contain a full account of the proceedings of the Legislature, and the news of the day. Commences with the Session of the Legislature and continues to the close. The Age is an able paper, and deserves the patronage of the Democracy. In order to make a saving business they require a large support.

"We shall take pleasure in receiving and forwarding subscriptions, free of expense, previous to Monday next."

THOMAS THORN. A letter has been published written by Thorn in which he states that he was coaxed by Mrs. Wilson to murder her husband. He writes to his sister and tells her to get up a petition for his reprieve.

SCARLET FEVER. This disease is raging to a fearful extent in Tennessee. Garrison, in his last Liberator, says he goes for a Dissolution of the Union, Texas or no Texas.

PORTLAND WEEKLY AMERICAN.—This paper has just commenced its third Volume. It is an ably conducted Democratic paper, and for vivacity and spirit is unsurpassed by any paper in the State. It is well calculated to wake up the sleeping energies of politicians, and all other classes of men. The present is a good opportunity to subscribe.

STRANGER ARRIVED! We have received the Calais Advertiser about twice for the last three months. Got a number last Saturday.

"No choice in the 5th and 7th Congressional Districts. The 22nd of January is appointed for another trial in those Districts. The Kennebec Journal thinks the Whigs will secure their men next time. Look out for hard cider efforts. Mr. Clifton, sound your blasts and you too Mr. Journal."

DEFICIENCY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

The estimated deficit for the present year is over \$6,125,000. For the year 1842 it was \$4,277,000. For the last six months of 1843 it exceeds \$2,633,000. The estimated deficit for 1844-5 will exceed 4,000,000. The aggregate of all these deficits is no small sum in time of peace.

STOP THIEF. Abner Shaw's store was broken open last Wednesday night and robbed of \$25 in cents. We should think those rascals would have extra enough now to keep them from ever violating the 8th commandment again.

"Peter Wiggins" needn't crow about having a whig in Congress. His location at Salt River should learn him modesty, if nothing more. There is no danger of being re-Morosed.

P. M. GENERAL'S REPORT. The recent annual report of the P. M. General is the most interesting one which has emanated from that Department for many years. We shall publish it entire in our next paper. On the outside of this week's paper, will be found an abstract of it, from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Although the revenue of the Department has diminished, as compared with the years 1841 and 1842, mail facilities have been extended, both as respects the number of miles of annual transportation and the number of post offices. The falling off of revenue is ascribed to the interference of private expenses, against which some new and more effective legislation is very properly advised.

The principal portion of the Report is devoted to the question of a reduction of the rates of postage. Mr. Wickliffe maintains the true ground that the rates should be so graduated as to enable the Department to sustain itself by its own resources, and he is evidently averse to so extensive a reduction as is generally desired. He fortified his positions by an extended collection and comparison of the results of the reduction of postage made in Great Britain in 1839; results curious in themselves, and very instructive in their bearing upon that question in this country.

As a whole the suggestion of the Report are sound and expressed with great force and perspicuity. The extensive interest now felt in the general question of Post Office reforms, will attract towards it an unusual degree of attention. We trust that Congress will take the matter up, as well as the people, and that all the improvements which experience has developed, will be engrafted upon a Department of Government, the proper working of which is so capable of beneficial results.—Augusta Age.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY. The Report of this officer received the highest praise from all parties. In its style, it is characteristic of its author; clear, concise, vigorous and methodical, aiming at no ornament, but marching directly to the merits of the subjects discussed. Whatever difference of opinion there may exist as to Mr. Henshaw's political course, there is none as to his rare qualities as an efficient and practical man. The department over which he presides, already feels in every part of it, that it has a master at its head, whose vigilance nothing can escape, and from whose uncompromising firmness no abuse has any thing to hope.

While approving Mr. Henshaw's Report as a whole, we cannot, however, assent to that part of it which recommends an increase in certain grades of officers. The financial state of the country does not seem propitious for such a measure, though it may be desirable in itself. Augusta Age.

GENERAL JACKSON.

A letter dated Nashville, Tennessee, which has lately been put into the hands of the editor of the N. Y. Evening Post, says:

"Yesterday I left the residence of one of the greatest men living, and I thank the great director of all things that I have been permitted to take him by the hand in his own house, and thank him for what he has done for me and my children, and for the whole American people."

"If I could describe to the democracy of your city, the interest he takes in the coming Presidential election, I am sure there is not a true democrat among them all who would sleep until every thing was done, which he could honorably do, to secure the success of the democratic candidate, were it only for the sake of the old Hero. In listening to his animated conversation on this subject, and witnessing the thorough knowledge he exhibits of the political condition of every State, and even of the different districts of the States, one would think that he had never thought of anything else. Yet he is perfectly at home on other subjects, allows himself to be diverted to them readily, and converses on them freely and with interest."

"He is much gratified with the result of our late election in New York, particularly in the city, where he doubted of the success of the democratic party, on account of the division which had taken place, and of which he appeared to be perfectly well informed. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'for the whigs to succeed in the next presidential election but by the aid of such divisions.' The great humbug of 1840, with its apparatus of log houses, sour cider, 'conon skins, and gourd shells, has disgusted the honest portion of the whig party. They are ashamed of it, and will not allow themselves to be drawn into such follies again.'"

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Monday Dec. 18.—Notices were given this morning of intentions to bring forward Bills to deprive the members of the House and Senate of the franking privilege, and to reduce the postage on letters.

Also, to amend the constitution, by establishing the one term principle. A long debate arose upon the proposition to print several thousand copies of the President's Message in German. Amendments were submitted to print the same in Low Dutch and French. Something of this debate hereafter, which has been earnest and protracted.

The Senate held a short but an important session. The President sent in the nomination of Matthew St. Clarke as auditor of the Post Office Department. Mr. Clarke will have Mr. Whitley's place.

Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina, gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to amend the Compromise Act and to repeal the Tariff.

Mr. Choate presented the question of French Spoils prior to 1830, in the form of a memorial.

Mr. Barrow of Va. brought in a bill proposing the appropriation of one million of dollars to the improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries.

A FIGHT; BUT NOBODY KILT.—A fracas occurred at Fuller's Hotel yesterday morning, alike disgraceful to all parties concerned. Two disappointed office-seekers, having met in the bar-room, one charged the other with slander, the other reiterated the charge, and crimination brought on recrimination, until finally they came to blows, and the way their beautiful faces got scratched, was a caution to all peaceable men. Whether a resort to the deadly weapon will grow out of the affair, we cannot say; but we incline to the opinion that it will not.—Washington Standard.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR. It appears from this report that the army consists of 716 commissioned officers, with an aggregate of 5613 officers and men including all grades of assistants. They are stationed in nine different departments, as follows:—

Dep't.	Commander.	No. of Posts.	No. of Men.
1.	Brig. Gen. Arbuckle,	7	968
2.	Brig. Gen. Taylor,	4	
3.	Brev. Maj. Gen. Gaines,	7	2137
4.	Brev. Brig. Gen. Brady,	5	690
5.	Brig. Gen. Wool,	12	1534
6.	Col. Granu,	4	468
7.	Col. Walbech,	3	601
8.	Brev. Brig. Gen. Armistead,	5	518
9.	Brev. Brig. Gen. Worth,	3	623

The expenses of the army proper for the ensuing year, is reduced nearly \$100,000 from that of last year, although there are nearly \$40,000 to be paid for recruiting and other charges not accruing this year. Amer.

DEATH OF JUDGE THOMPSON.

The New York papers announce the death of the Hon Smith Thompson, Judge of the District Court of the United States, which occurred at Poughkeepsie on Monday evening last. He had held the office for the last 20 years.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION. Thursday morning, Dec. 7, about 1 o'clock, the steamer Warren collapsed a flue while lying at the wharf at Freeport, on the Allegheny river. There were at the time of the accident about eighteen or twenty persons on board, of which number about twelve were scalded—four or five not expected to survive.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. JACKSON. The Council of the 2d Municipality of New Orleans, have passed a resolution appropriating a thousand dollars for a full length portrait of General Jackson, as he appeared while that city was beleaguered by the British Army.

MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK. There is said to be an old brewery somewhere in this city, says the New York Gazette—we believe in Crosby street—which has three stories under ground and six above and contains population of about fifteen hundred souls! among whom nearly all the modern languages are spoken.

The highest reach of human nature is, when the love of truth and the love of men exist together; for such a spirit is like the magnet, which attracts, at the same time that it points the way.

Look out for Counterfeit Bills! We learn from the Yankee Blade, that the Cashier of the Gardiner Bank has received information which leads to suspicion that a batch of counterfeit one dollar and three dollar Bills on that Bank will be put into circulation in the course of this month. The public are cautioned to be on their guard.

TEXAS.—Mr Howard has introduced into the Georgia legislature a preamble and resolutions to the effect that Texas is geographically a part of the United States; that the boundary of Louisiana, when ceded by Napoleon, extended to the Rio Bravo, &c; and that our government is bound to interpose to prevent any interference by other nations in the concerns of Texas.

GEN. JACKSON.—A letter from the Hermitage of a late date, says that the venerable old gentleman never leaves his room, and is emaciated to mere skin and bone. He has a severe cough and pain in the back and side, but his voice and intellect appear unaffected, and the lightning fire of former years yet flashes in his eye.

The whigs of Pittsburg are debating the propriety of inducting their Mayor for a libel on John Quincy Adams, whom he addressed in a reception speech thus:

"Great and good citizen," said he, "venerable and venerated man! Panegyric or Eulogy, now or hereafter, cannot add one cubic to your statue again."

now
stat.

have just seen in a country paper the marriage of *Peleg Rowlingstone to Ophelia Morse*.

of same date, and in consequence to said buzzy
for twenty-nine dollars and thirty-three cents, all of said
notes were given by the subscriber and for which he
received no valuable consideration, therefore payment
is refused. WM. W. OLIVER.
Oxford, Dec. 25, 1813. 531



